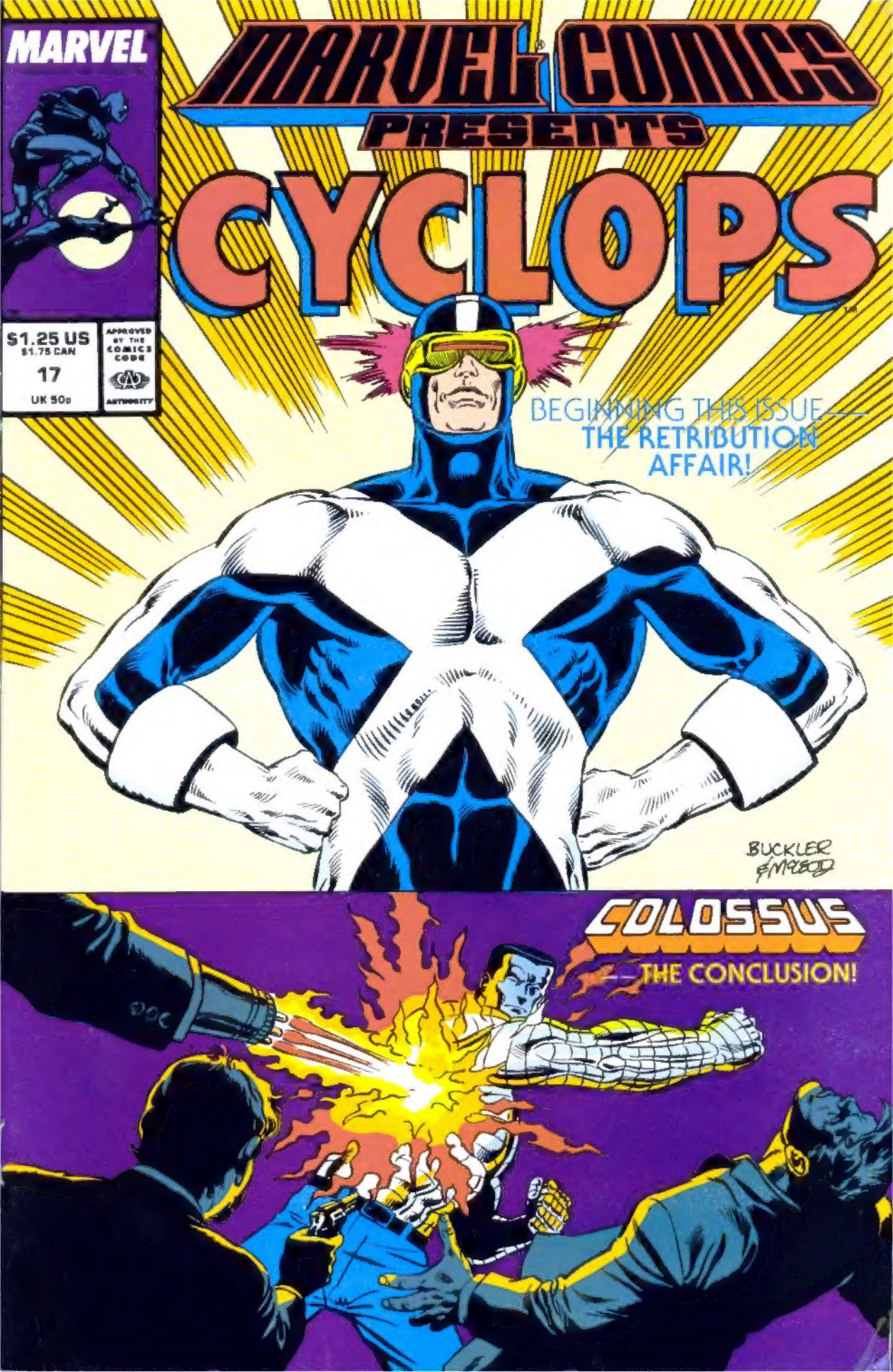
TheComicRack


MARVEL
MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
CYCLOPS
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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BEGINNING THIS ISSUE——
THE RETRIBUTION AFFAIR!
BUCKLER
COLOSSUS
——THE CONCLUSION!

MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™

Cover by RICH BUCKLER & BOB McLEOD

TERRY KAVANAGH editor
MICHAEL ROCKWITZ assistant editor
TOM DeFALCO editor in chief

Stan Lee Presents:

COLOSSUS "GOD'S COUNTRY" 1

WRITER — Ann Nocenti
PENCILER — Rick Leonardi
INKER — P. Craig Russell and Al Milgrom
LETTERER — Ken Lopez
COLORIST — Mike Rockwitz

"FIT TO PRINT..." — PART 8 OF 8

The minutes tick away as Colossus must destroy the Cold Warriors before an innocent family is slaughtered. When war rages, and bullets fly, it gets impossible to tell who's left to trust! Both Bruce and Colossus decide to trust no one, not even themselves!

BLACK PANTHER "PANTHER'S QUEST" 9

WRITER — Don McGregor
PENCILER — Gene Colan
INKER — Tom Palmer
LETTERER — Joe Rosen
COLORIST — Glynis Oliver

"REASONABLE FORCE" — PART 5 OF 25

The Black Panther's flesh is lacerated with barbed wire gashes caused by a mercenary named Elmer "Sex 'n' Violence" Gore. His wounds are tended by a black goldminer named Zanti Chikane, but both men are in serious trouble. They have been sighted by South African security forces and automatic weapons are already aimed in their direction.

THE WATCHER 16

WRITER — Scott Lobdell
PENCILER — Tom Sutton
INKER — Tom Sutton
LETTERER — Todd Klein
COLORIST — Tom Vincent

"DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?"

From the single celled amoeba, to the raging cataclysm that lies at the heart of the super nova, a Watcher is privy to all the secrets of the universe. Bound by a strict code of non-interference, none of these cosmic beings is more frustrated with his role of observer as is he who monitors the earth — Uatu the Watcher.

CYCLOPS "THE RETRIBUTION AFFAIR" 24

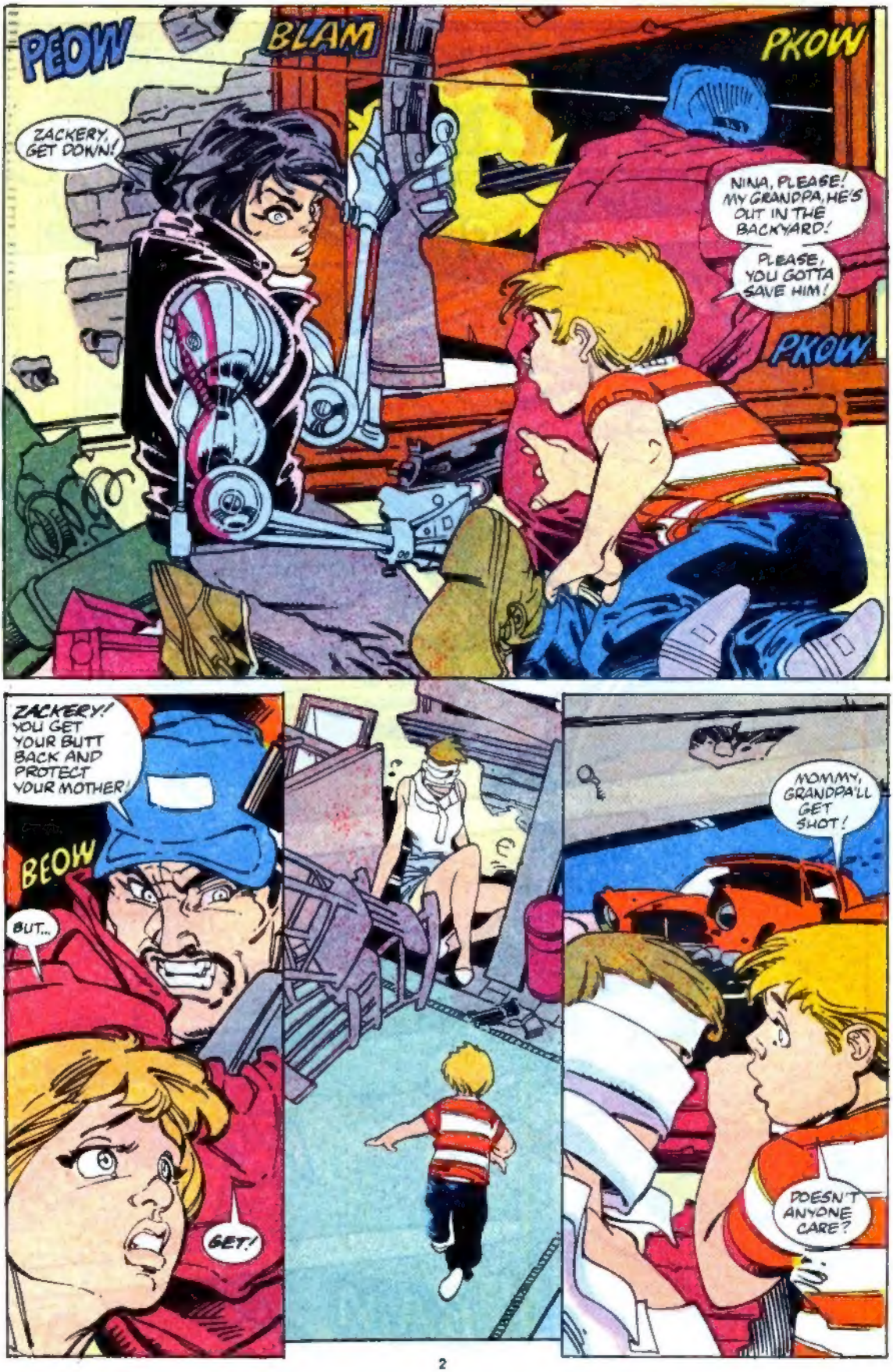
WRITER — Bob Harras
PENCILER — Ron Lim
INKER — Bruce Patterson
LETTERER — Agustin Mas
COLORIST — Andy Yanchus

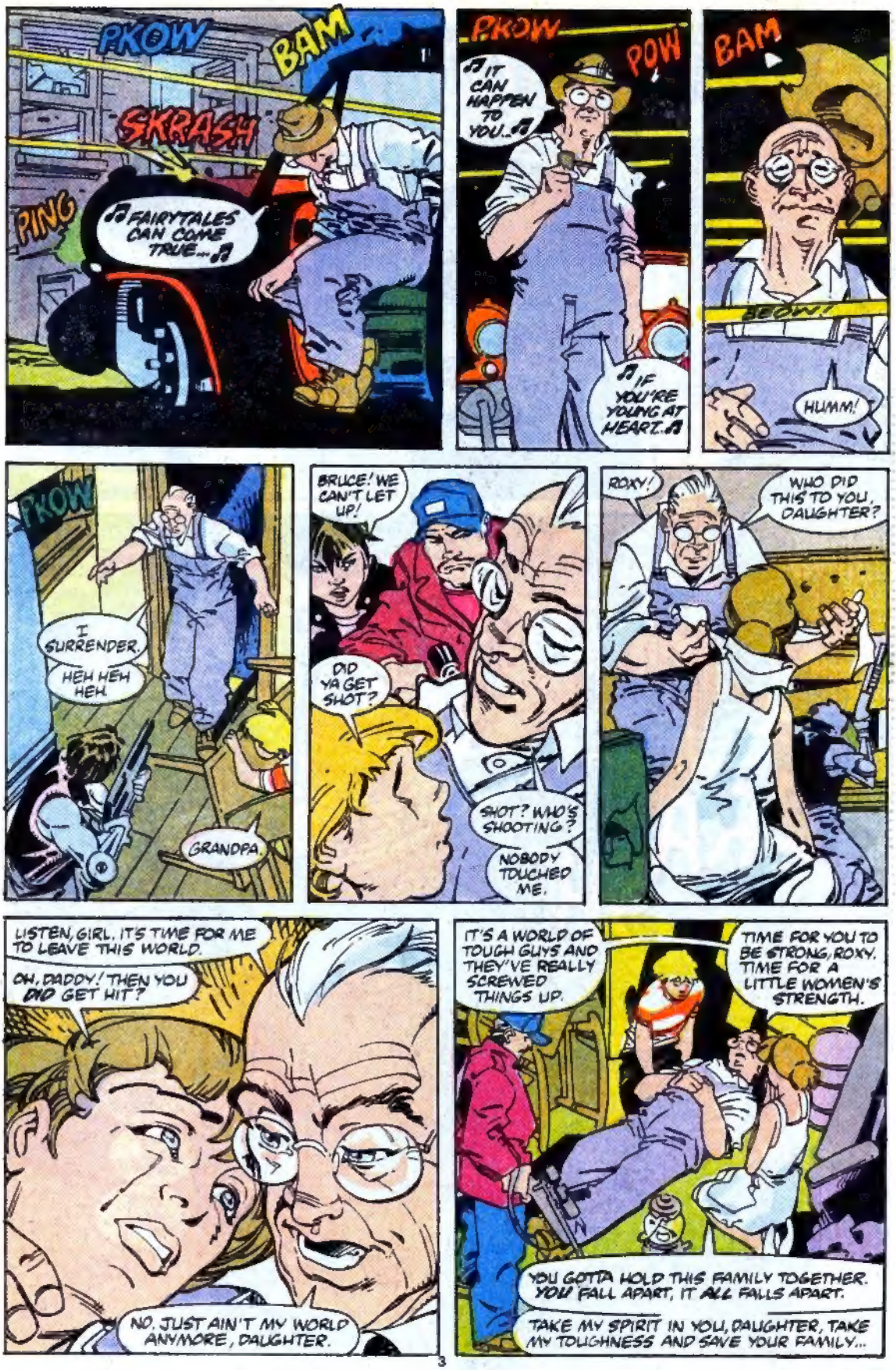
"BLINDED BY THE LIGHT" — PART 1 OF 8

Scott Summers, a.k.a. Cyclops, is a mutant with the power to project beams of concussive force from his eyes. In order to help an old friend, he has traveled to Muir Island, home to one of the most sophisticated Genetics Laboratories in the world. However, he will discover something that could threaten his very life!

MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™ Vol. 1, No. 17, Late April, 1989. Published by MARVEL COMICS, A NEW WORLD COMPANY. James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published bi-weekly. Copyright © 1989 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.75 in Canada. Subscription rate $15.00 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $21.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC.

AMERICAN PIE, PART VIII
FIT TO PRINT
COLOSSUS
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
BEOW
KR$H
PKOW
BAM
BAM
PKOW
BAM

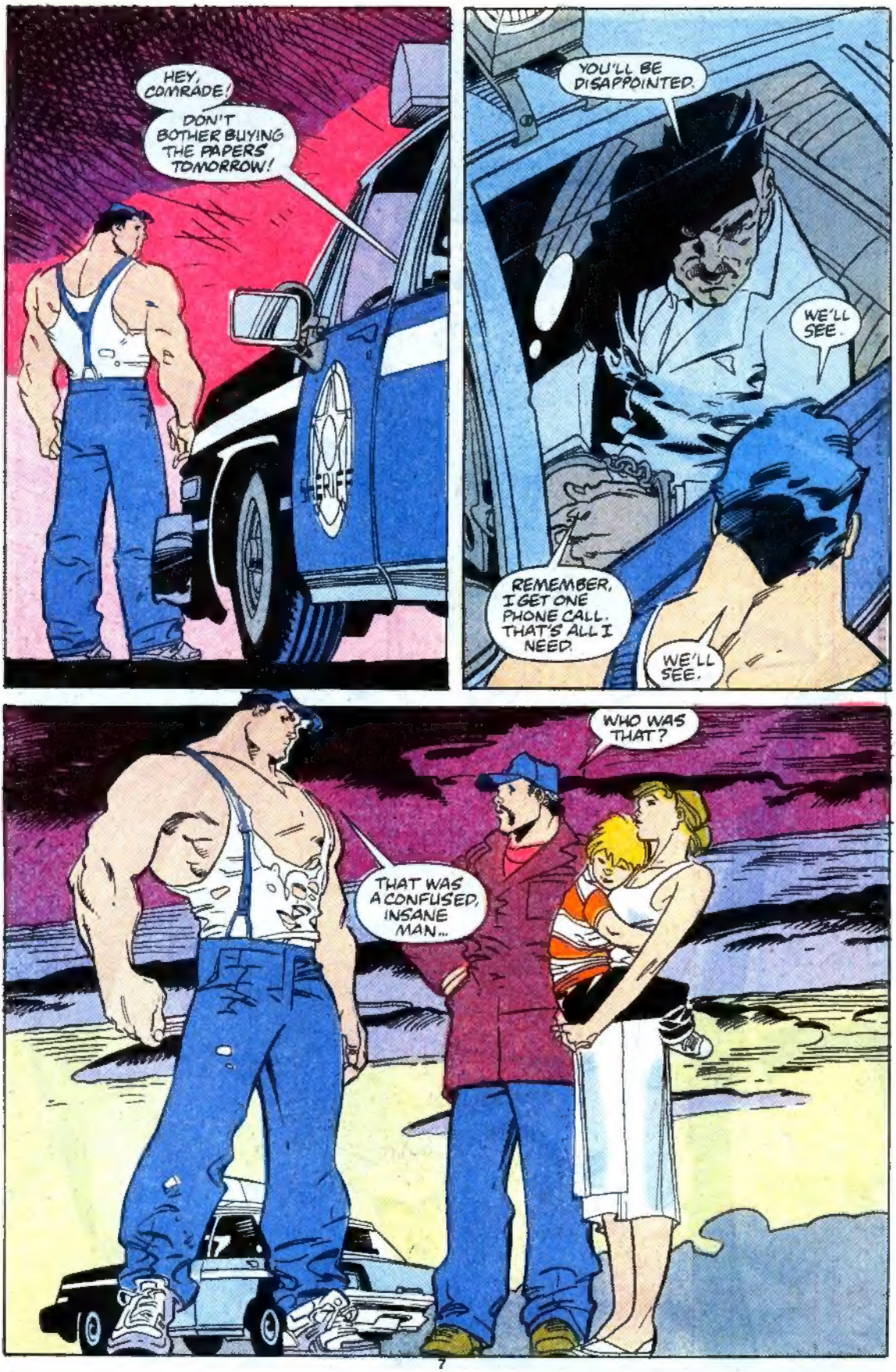

PEOW
BLAM
PKOW
ZACKERY, GET DOWN!
NINA, PLEASE! MY GRANDPA, HE'S OUT IN THE BACKYARD!
PLEASE, YOU GOTTA SAVE HIM!
PKOW
ZACKERY! YOU GET YOUR BUTT BACK AND PROTECT YOUR MOTHER!
BEOW
BUT...
GET!
MOMMY, GRANDPA'LL GET SHOT!
DOESN'T ANYONE CARE?


PKOW
BAM
SKRASH
PING
♫FAIRYTALES CAN COME TRUE...♫
PKOW
POW
♫IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU..♫
♫IF YOU'RE YOUNG AT HEART.♫
BAM
BEOW!
HUMM!
PKOW
I SURRENDER.
HEH HEH HEH.
GRANDPA.
BRUCE! WE CAN'T LET UP!
DID YA GET SHOT?
SHOT? WHO'S SHOOTING?
NOBODY TOUCHED ME.
ROXY!
WHO DID THIS TO YOU, DAUGHTER?
LISTEN, GIRL, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE THIS WORLD.
OH, DADDY! THEN YOU DID GET HIT?
NO, JUST AIN'T MY WORLD ANYMORE, DAUGHTER.
IT'S A WORLD OF TOUGH GUYS AND THEY'VE REALLY SCREWED THINGS UP.
TIME FOR YOU TO BE STRONG, ROXY. TIME FOR A LITTLE WOMEN'S STRENGTH.
YOU GOTTA HOLD THIS FAMILY TOGETHER. YOU FALL APART, IT ALL FALLS APART.
TAKE MY SPIRIT IN YOU, DAUGHTER, TAKE MY TOUGHNESS AND SAVE YOUR FAMILY...

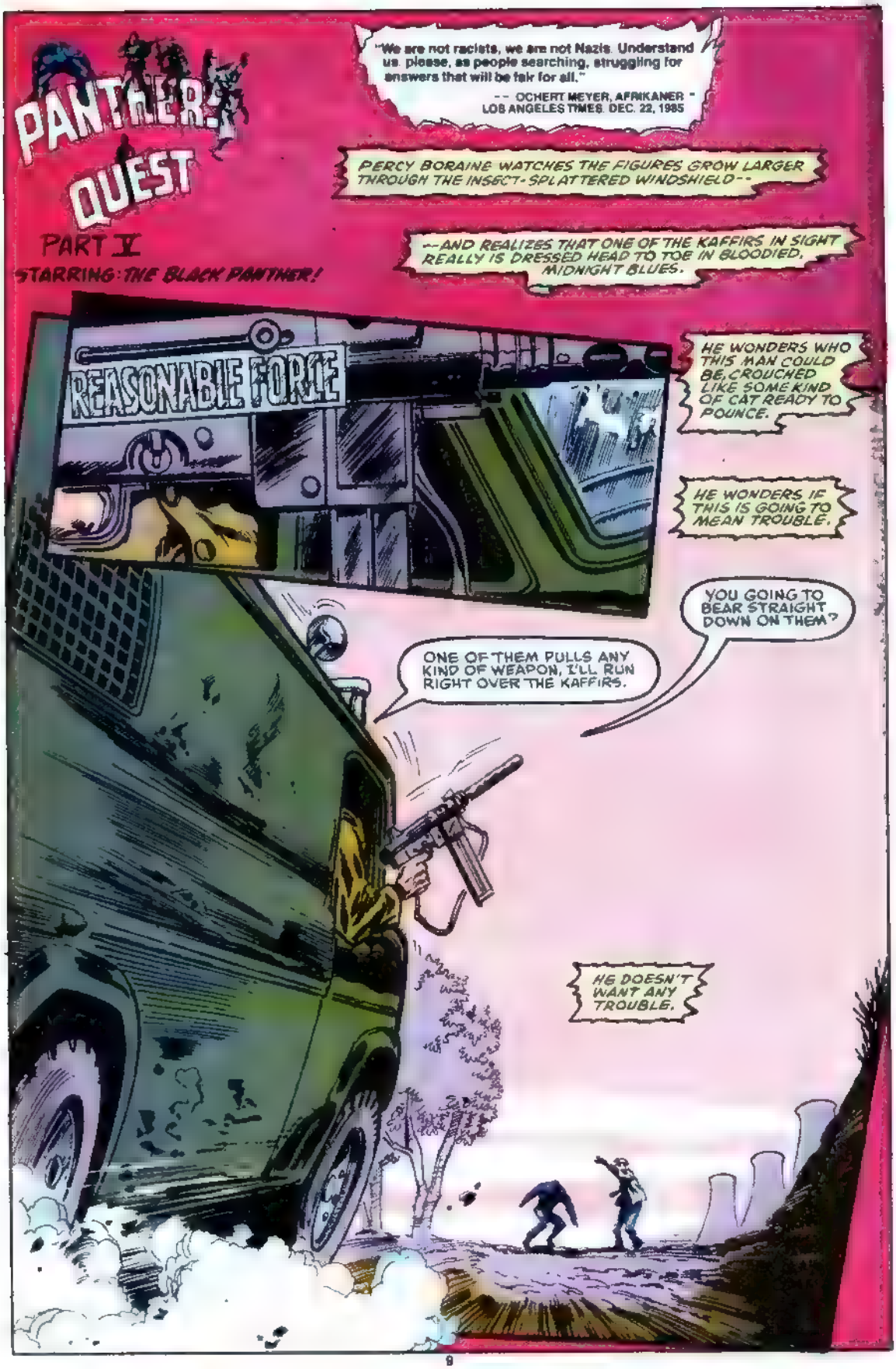
NO! DON'T GO!
WEEEEEEEEEOOOW
EVERYONE, FREEZE!
DROP YOUR GUNS!
YOU ARE SURROUNDED!
BK-
CRASH
BRUCE?! ZACKERY?!
IT'S ALL OVER!
IT'S ALL OVER!

AND...
...WE WERE HAVING A PICNIC. WE HEARD CRIES...
...AND WERE WITNESS TO A MURDER...
LOOK, COULDN'T WE BE SPARED THESE QUESTIONS...?
NO, BRUCE. THIS STORY HAS TO BE TOLD.
ANYWAY, WE SLOWLY REALIZED THAT OUR OWN GOVERNMENT WISHED TO KILL US. WHATEVER WE WITNESSED MUST BE A CLUE TO SOME HORRIBLE SECRETS...
AND WHAT LED YOU TO BELIEVE IT WAS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT?
OUR FIRST CLUE WAS WHEN THE POLICE TREATED US STRANGELY--
DARLING! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH FOR THIS?
WHAT WITH YOUR FATHER--
GRANDPA--!
BRUCE, I HAVE PLENTY OF STRENGTH. FOR THIS AND MORE.
AND ZACKERY, AS FOR YOUR GRANDFATHER, HE'S HERE WITH US. HE'S IN ME. HE'LL ALWAYS BE IN ME.
THIS STORY IS OUTRAGEOUS! I CAN'T BELIEVE SOMETHING LIKE THIS COULD HAPPEN!
WELL, IT WON'T SEE PRINT.
YOU'LL JUST COVER IT UP, OR YOUR BOSSES WILL CUT THE STORY. YOU'RE ALL OWNED BY PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT THIS TO SEE PRINT.
WHAT? HAHAHA!
WHAT CONSPIRACY THEORIST YOU BEEN TALKING TO? THAT'S CRAZY, OF COURSE IT WILL SEE PRINT.
THIS IS AMERICA! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! YOU'RE SHELL-SHOCKED, BLUDDY.
AND SHE WAS TIED UP!
POOR WOMAN.
AND THE GUNFIRE!
THERE WAS AN ARMY OUT THERE.
I THINK IT WAS A CULT, MAYBE SACRIFICE!
THE THINGS WE SAW.
THE STORIES WE COULD TELL.
ARE YOU WRITING ALL THIS DOWN?

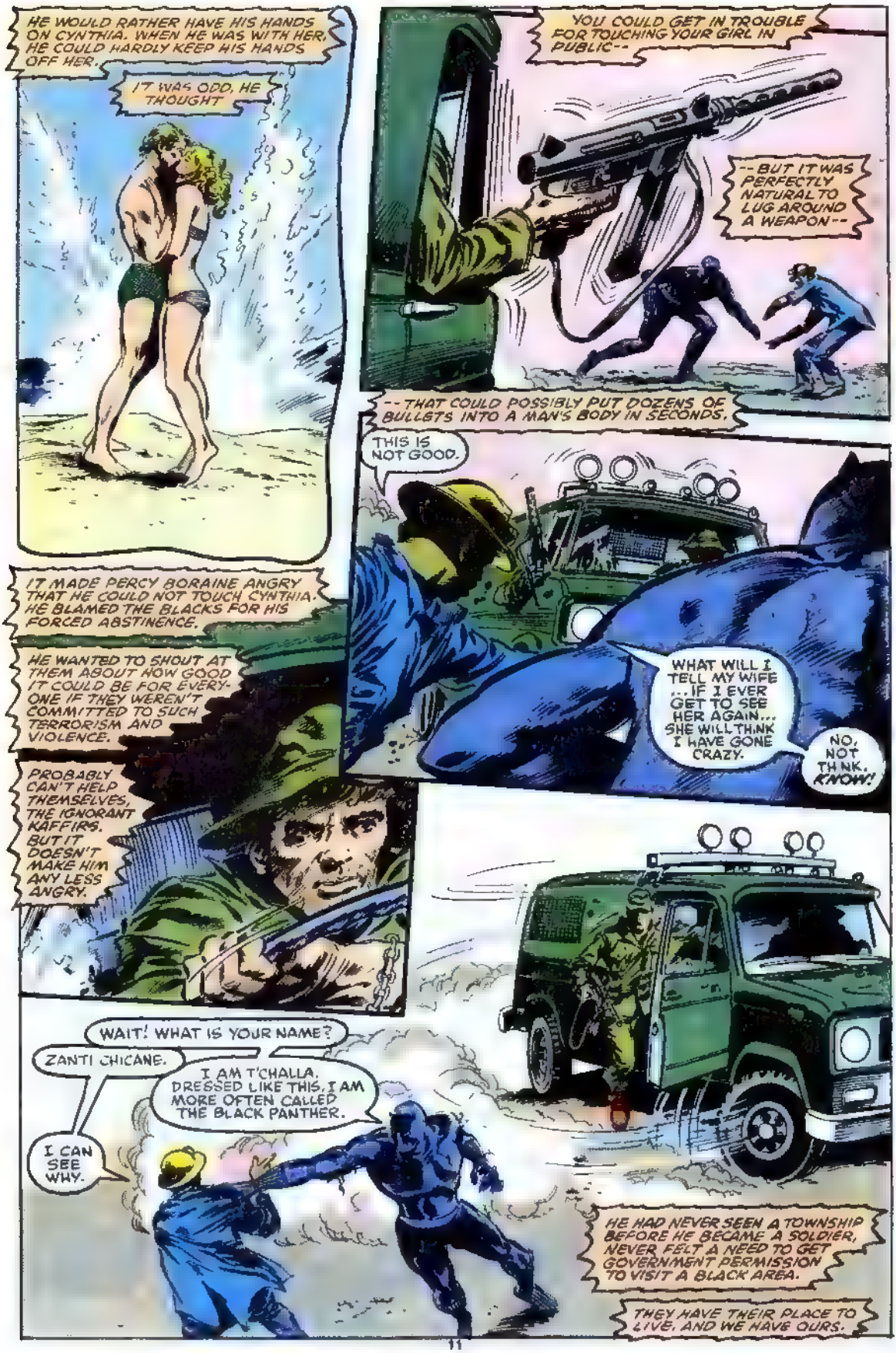
I DEFECTED, BUT FROM AN ILLEGAL GOVERNMENTAL DIVISION...
WHO KNOWS WHAT MY FATE WILL BE.
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. IT WILL ALL WORK OUT BECAUSE OF THAT.
I AM AFRAID...
BUT AT LEAST I'M IN OUT OF THE COLD.
NINA... YOU WERE NEVER COLD.
OH, PETER-- THANK YOU.
I'M VERY PROUD OF YOUR MOTHER RIGHT NOW, ZACKERY. AND YOU, ALSO, WERE VERY BRAVE.
YES, SIR.
YOU FOUGHT FOR YOUR COUNTRY WELL, SON.
YES, SIR.
OH, MY FAMILY.
WE HAVE SO MUCH HEALING TO DO.
BUT I'M GOING TO PULL US THROUGH THIS, AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT COMES OUR WAY.
PETER. HOW CAN I EXPLAIN HOW MUCH I... THANK YOU FOR...
NO NEED. I UNDERSTAND
WHERE WILL YOU GO?
I'M NOT SURE. I THINK I'M HOMESICK.
FOR THAT GANG, THE X-MEN?
NO.
FOR MY FAMILY, FOR RUSSIA, FOR MY HOME.


HEY, COMRADE!
DON'T BOTHER BUYING THE PAPERS TOMORROW!
SHERIFF
YOU'LL BE DISAPPOINTED.
WE'LL SEE.
REMEMBER, I GET ONE PHONE CALL. THAT'S ALL I NEED.
WE'LL SEE.
WHO WAS THAT?
THAT WAS A CONFUSED, INSANE MAN...

...AT LEAST I HOPE SO.
END


PANTHER'S QUEST
PART V
STARRING: THE BLACK PANTHER!
"We are not racists, we are not Nazis. Understand us, please, as people searching, struggling for answers that will be fair for all."
-- OCHERT MEYER, AFRIKANER
LOS ANGELES TIMES, DEC. 22, 1985
PERCY BORAINE WATCHES THE FIGURES GROW LARGER THROUGH THE INSECT-SPLATTERED WINDSHIELD--
--AND REALIZES THAT ONE OF THE KAFFIRS IN SIGHT REALLY IS DRESSED HEAD TO TOE IN BLOODIED, MIDNIGHT BLUES.
REASONABLE FORCE
HE WONDERS WHO THIS MAN COULD BE, CROUCHED LIKE SOME KIND OF CAT READY TO POUNCE.
HE WONDERS IF THIS IS GOING TO MEAN TROUBLE.
YOU GOING TO BEAR STRAIGHT DOWN ON THEM?
ONE OF THEM PULLS ANY KIND OF WEAPON, I'LL RUN RIGHT OVER THE KAFFIRS.
HE DOESN'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.

IF THEY SHOOT US DEAD WHERE WE STAND, IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT.
I WOULD THINK THEY HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.
THE DAYS IN THE ARMY ARE NORMALLY BORING FOR PERCY BORAINE.
HE FERVENTLY PRAYS THIS WILL BE THE USUAL BORING DAY.
ONE MORE DAY OF MAKING THE ARMY'S PRESENCE FELT BY THE PUBLIC, CHECK A FEW PASSBOOKS, WHICH WAS A GOOD WAY TO MAINTAIN AUTHORITY, ALTHOUGH THAT WAS PRIMARILY A JOB FOR THE POLICE.
PERCY BORAINE IS NOT CRAZY ABOUT THE AUTOMATIC WEAPON THAT IS HEAVY IN HIS HANDS AND IS OFTEN A BURDEN ON HIS SHOULDER.
A LOT OF POLICEMEN WHITE AND EVEN SOME BLACKS HE HAS SEEN, SEEMED TO ENJOY THE POWER A UNIFORM AND WEAPON CONVEYED TO OTHERS.
HE WOULD RATHER BE ON THE WHITES-ONLY BEACHES OF CLIFTON TEN MINUTES FROM THE REPUBLIC'S MOTHER CITY, CAPETOWN, WITH CYNTHIA.

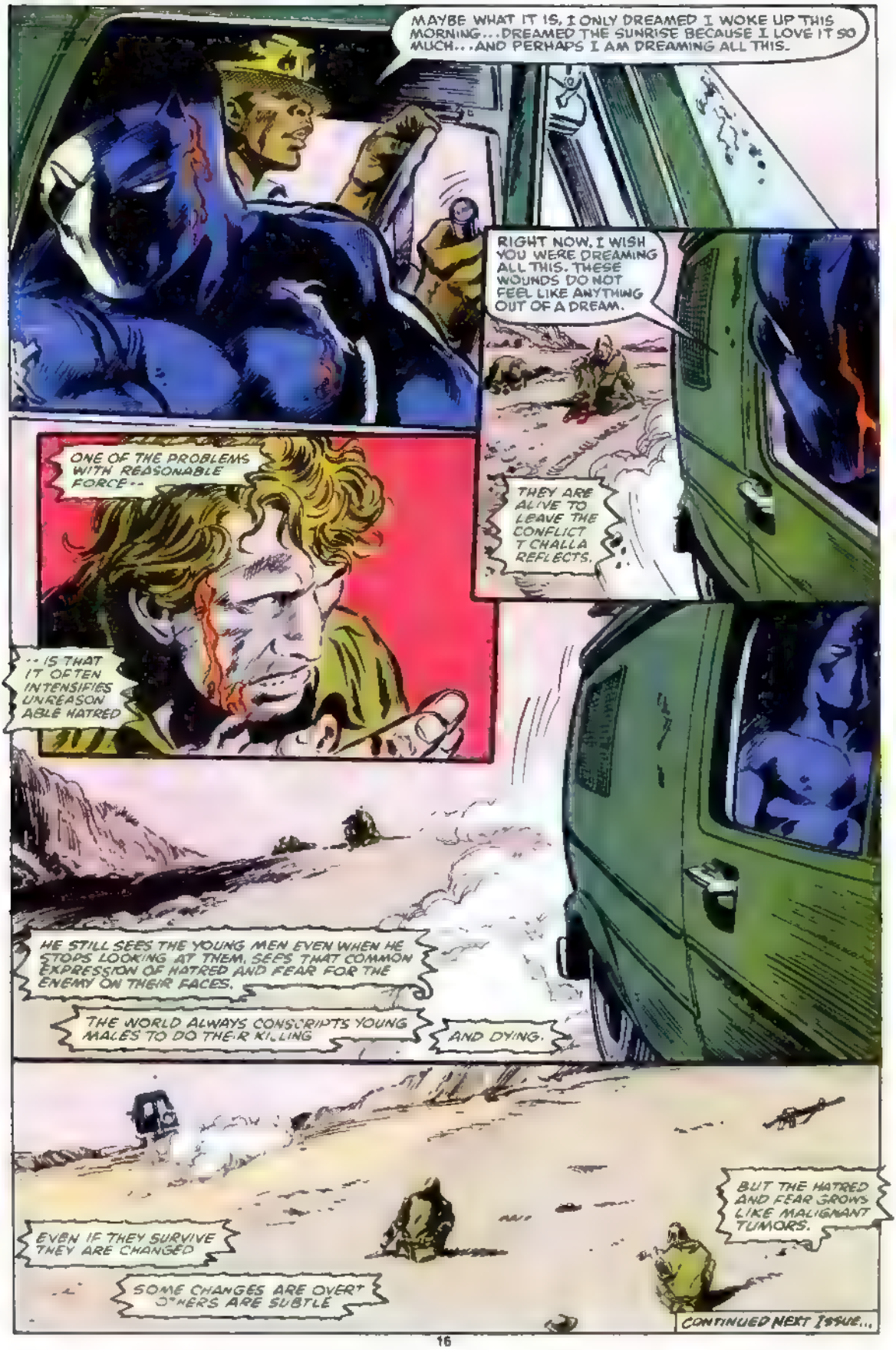

HE WOULD RATHER HAVE HIS HANDS ON CYNTHIA. WHEN HE WAS WITH HER, HE COULD HARDLY KEEP HIS HANDS OFF HER.
IT WAS ODD, HE THOUGHT
YOU COULD GET IN TROUBLE FOR TOUCHING YOUR GIRL IN PUBLIC--
--BUT IT WAS PERFECTLY NATURAL TO LUG AROUND A WEAPON--
--THAT COULD POSSIBLY PUT DOZENS OF BULLETS INTO A MAN'S BODY IN SECONDS.
THIS IS NOT GOOD.
WHAT WILL I TELL MY WIFE ... IF I EVER GET TO SEE HER AGAIN... SHE WILL THINK I HAVE GONE CRAZY.
NO, NOT THINK. KNOW!
IT MADE PERCY BORAINE ANGRY THAT HE COULD NOT TOUCH CYNTHIA. HE BLAMED THE BLACKS FOR HIS FORCED ABSTINENCE.
HE WANTED TO SHOUT AT THEM ABOUT HOW GOOD IT COULD BE FOR EVERY-ONE IF THEY WEREN'T COMMITTED TO SUCH TERRORISM AND VIOLENCE.
PROBABLY CAN'T HELP THEMSELVES, THE IGNORANT KAFFIRS. BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE HIM ANY LESS ANGRY.
WAIT! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
ZANTI CHICANE.
I AM T'CHALLA. DRESSED LIKE THIS, I AM MORE OFTEN CALLED THE BLACK PANTHER.
I CAN SEE WHY.
HE HAD NEVER SEEN A TOWNSHIP BEFORE HE BECAME A SOLDIER, NEVER FELT A NEED TO GET GOVERNMENT PERMISSION TO VISIT A BLACK AREA.
THEY HAVE THEIR PLACE TO LIVE, AND WE HAVE OURS.

HE HAD TO ADMIT THE PLACES MOST BLACK LABORERS LIVED WERE NOT WHAT HE HAD THOUGHT--
--NOT THAT HE HAD THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT IT, NOT WITH CYNTHIA AROUND--
--AND THAT LIVING IN A TOWNSHIP CERTAINLY WAS NOT THE SAME AS LIVING IN CAPETOWN.
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
HE HAD COME TO THE TOWNSHIPS NOW BECAUSE HE WAS SERVING HIS COUNTRY AND THESE PLACES HAD TO BE PATROLLED
--AND SO HE WAS CARRYING A WEAPON AND MISSING CYNTHIA AND ANGRY AND A LITTLE BIT NERVOUS AT THE THOUGHT SOMEONE MIGHT KILL HIM
--OR THAT HE MIGHT HAVE TO SHOOT SOMEONE
YOU ARE A DEVIL TO BRING THE SOLDIERS DOWN ON OUR HEADS
TAYETE USED TO ALWAYS SAY I WAS A PANTHER-DEVIL
TAYETE?
SOMEONE I KNOW ...FROM ANOTHER PLACE
YOU, THERE! COME OUT FROM BEHIND HIM, SPEAK UP QUICKLY NOW!
WHY IS THIS MAN'S FACE MASKED?
HAS HE BEEN IN SOME SORT OF FIGHT?

THE PANTHER IS NOT IMPERVIOUS TO BULLETS AND HE IS AWARE THAT HE IS NEAR COLLAPSE.
THE WATER ZANTI PROVIDED REVIVED HIM SLIGHTLY BUT ANY EFFORT NOW REQUIRES GREAT WILL.
HE HAS TO TAKE THE TWO YOUNG MEN OUT WITH ONE SWIFT ACTION, BEFORE THEIR AUTOMATIC WEAPONS CAN BE FIRED.
QUICK, BUT FLASHY MANEUVER PROBABLY LOOKS GRACEFUL, WHILE HIS BARBED WIRE GASHES RIP ANEW AND DRIP FRESH BLOOD.
BUDADA
HE FEELS HIS BOOTS CONNECT WITH THE YOUNG MAN'S FACE AND AN INSTANT BEFORE HE SEES THE FIRST GUSH OF BLOOD THERE IS PANIC IN THE YOUNG EYES--
--AND HE IS SADDENED.

THIS IS NOT LIKE FIGHTING KILLERS LIKE GORE AND HIS FOLLOWERS.
AND YET THIS YOUNG MAN CARRIES A WEAPON, AND WOULD DOUBTLESS FEEL JUSTIFIED IN PULLING ITS TRIGGER.
NEITHER OF THEM WOULD BE THE MARKSMAN GORE WAS. THE FIRST SOLDIER, IN FACT, DID NOT HAVE A REAL DESIRE TO SHOOT BUT WOULD HAVE DONE IT OUT OF OBLIGATION AND FEAR.
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY.
STAY WHERE YOU ARE AND YOU WILL NOT BE HURT FURTHER.
YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THIS FOR AWHILE.
IT WOULD ONLY GET YOU INTO TROUBLE.
A REASONABLE FORCE TO END THE CONFLICT MOMENTARILY.
THAT WAS FANTASTIC! HOW DID YOU DO THAT?
BEAUTIFUL. BUT NOW WE ARE DEFINITELY DEAD!
NO, NOW WE HAVE TIME TO STAY ALIVE. GET BEHIND THE WHEEL.
YOU ARE THE DEVIL. YOU ARE TELLING ME TO DO THINGS THAT WILL HAVE A HUNDRED SOLDIERS--
--HUNTING US LIKE JACKALS AFTER DYING PREY. DO YOU THINK THEY ARE BLIND? THE ONE THING THEY HAVE IS GOOD EYESIGHT.
THEY WILL SURELY SEARCH FOR ONE OF THEIR OWN VEHICLES AND THEY WILL NOT BE HAPPY, OF THAT I CAN GUARANTEE YOU.

START IT UP PLEASE. YOU CAN REPRIMAND ME AS WE DRIVE ALONG. GIVE ME THE MOST PASSIONATE HARANGUE YOU WANT BUT BELIEVE IT OR NOT I AM EXHAUSTED.
WE WILL ABANDON THIS VEHICLE, ZANTI, WHEN WE GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY THAT THEY CANNOT PURSUE ON FOOT.
I MADE SURE I STOOD BETWEEN YOU AND THEM, SO I WOULD BE THE ONE THEY PRIMARILY REMEMBER... AND WHAT THEY WILL BOTH DESCRIBE ACCURATELY IS MY OUTFIT.
I CANNOT RUN FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THEM IF THEY WERE TO COME AFTER US. AND DESPITE YOUR RELUCTANCE TO HELP, WHICH I SYMPATHIZE WITH, I KNOW YOU WOULD TRY TO GET ME TO SOME SORT OF SAFETY.
DAAAAA
YOU WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO CARRY ME FAR. I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE MORE SENSE TO DRIVE. WHERE I WAS EVEN FOOLISHLY THINKING OF SLEEP.
GIVE ME TIME TO HEAL A BIT...
...EVEN I NEED TIME TO HEAL, ZANTI!
VRROOMM
WHUKK
OKAY. I WILL AWAKE YOU. BUT WE DO NOT PARK NEAR YOUR...WHATEVER IT IS YOU SAID YOU HAVE NEAR HERE.
SONAR GLIDER
NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING
NOT MANY PEOPLE HAVE
HOW DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE?
I AM A KING OF AN ADVANCED TECHNOLOGICAL NATION SMALL, BUT NOT WITHOUT ITS CONSIDERABLE ASSETS.
SKRRAS
LET'S SEE...YOU ARE A KING...AND YOU ARE HERE IN SOUTH AFRICA SEARCHING FOR A MOTHER YOU NEVER KNEW.
HAVE I GOT THAT CORRECTLY?
MORE OR LESS. ZANTI, KEEP THE TRUCK MOVING BEFORE ONE OF THOSE SOLDIERS GETS ENOUGH BEARINGS TO TAKE ANOTHER TRY AT US.


MAYBE WHAT IT IS, I ONLY DREAMED I WOKE UP THIS MORNING...DREAMED THE SUNRISE BECAUSE I LOVE IT SO MUCH...AND PERHAPS I AM DREAMING ALL THIS.
RIGHT NOW, I WISH YOU WERE DREAMING ALL THIS. THESE WOUNDS DO NOT FEEL LIKE ANYTHING OUT OF A DREAM.
THEY ARE ALIVE TO LEAVE THE CONFLICT T'CHALLA REFLECTS.
ONE OF THE PROBLEMS WITH REASONABLE FORCE--
--IS THAT IT OFTEN INTENSIFIES UNREASONABLE HATRED
HE STILL SEES THE YOUNG MEN EVEN WHEN HE STOPS LOOKING AT THEM. SEES THAT COMMON EXPRESSION OF HATRED AND FEAR FOR THE ENEMY ON THEIR FACES.
THE WORLD ALWAYS CONSCRIPTS YOUNG MALES TO DO THEIR KILLING
AND DYING.
BUT THE HATRED AND FEAR GROWS LIKE MALIGNANT TUMORS.
EVEN IF THEY SURVIVE THEY ARE CHANGED
SOME CHANGES ARE OVERT OTHERS ARE SUBTLE
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the universe--
--not a creature was stirring,
except this really big hand!
"Do You See What I See?"
A Christmas Fable by
THE WATCHER

With power cosmic I increase my size
Even so, I had trouble believing my eyes!
Season's Greetings, Uatu!
'Tis good to see you again!
We met once before,
I'm one of Three Wise Men.
I was just passing
through To a galaxy far--
Once again following
A wandering star.
BUT WHY TAKE THIS GLOBE? WHY TAKE IT AWAY?
'Twould be a birthday gift,
'Cause myrrh's so passé
Now please step aside,
I know of your code--
--"Watchers can't interfere."
Now do as you're told!
I'M COMPELLED TO OBLIGE,
BUT I'LL ASK THIS MUCH
BEFORE YOU TAKE EARTH--
--TAKE A MOMENT .. TO WATCH

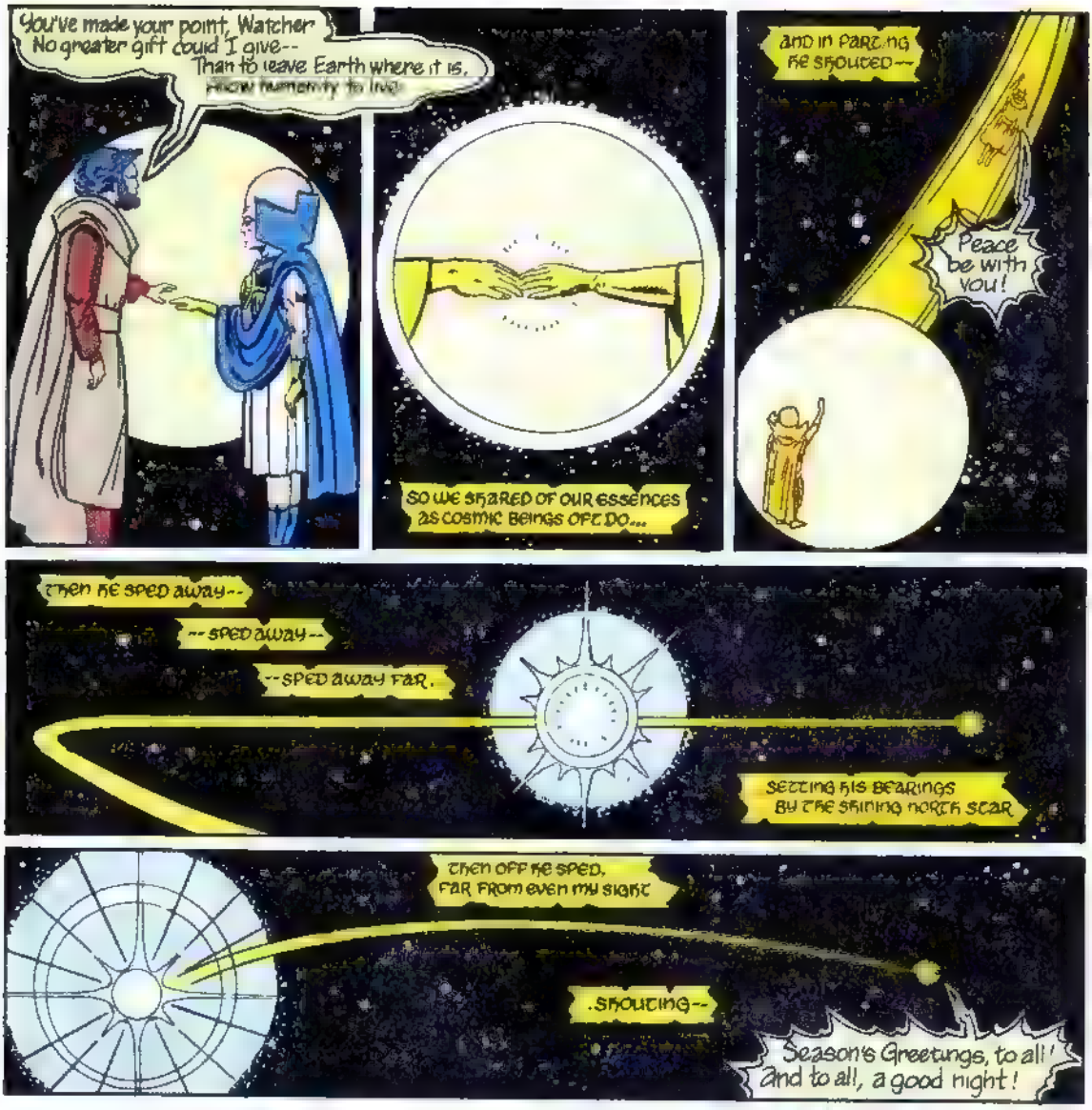
WITNESS THE SMILES, THE JOY ON EACH FACE!
So this is Times Square? I've heard tell of this place.
Coca-Cola
TIMES SQ
But look over yonder, amidst all this good will--
--tis a man weak in spirit, And his body quite ill.
TOKYO-EN
AMERI
CBZ
CAMEL
TRUE, HE WALKED DOWN THE ALLEY CHILLED TO THE BONE--
--COLDER than COLD a LONER ... ALONE.
THEN A STRANGER APPROACHED, HE WAS AFRAID TO GLANCE BACK--
--CERTAIN a MUGGER WAS ABOUT TO ATTACK.
COME DINE WITH ME, SON-- IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE!
TH-THANK YOU, FATHER! WHEN DO WE LEAVE?
This is not amazing I think it not odd One expects compassion from a man of God

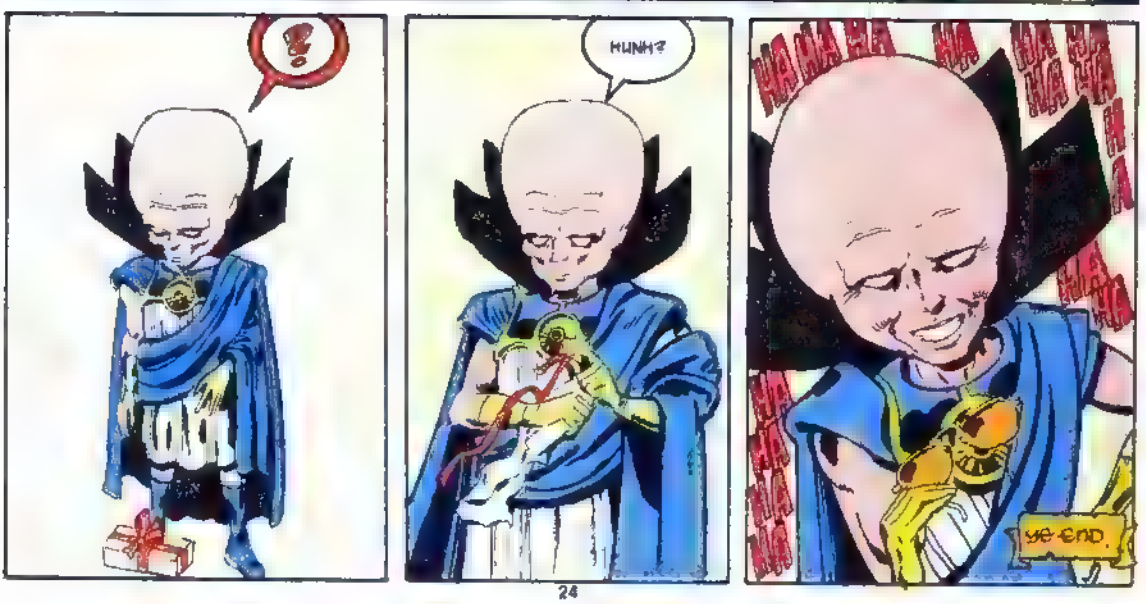
many miles away, a young doctor tried to encourage a child—
YOU CAN DO IT!
--he cried!
Her problem's apparent
The doctor's a fool
To challenge her so
'Twould seem most cruel
HUMANS OFTEN ACT WITH LESS REASON THAN RHYME
--I--
--CAN--
--DO IT--
--ONE--
--STEP--
--AT--
--A--
--TIME!
THA-
BOOM--
--she went, as she fell with a smile
This thing they call...
TRYING?
...seems well worth their while.

OUT OF THE DARK THE YOUNG MAN FLED
VISIONS OF SUGAR PLUMS FAR FROM HIS HEAD.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SON!
--CAME THE WORDS FROM THE COP.
PANIC..
SUDDEN MOVEMENTS
AN ORDER TO--
STOP!
P-PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS!
--CRIED A VOICE ECCHED IN PAIN
I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT YOU!
NOW DROP YOUR--
--CANDY CANE?
SO INSTEAD OF AN EVENING MARRED WITH GUNSHOTS AND GRIEF
YOUNG MAN AND OLD--
--SHARED THEIR RELIEF.

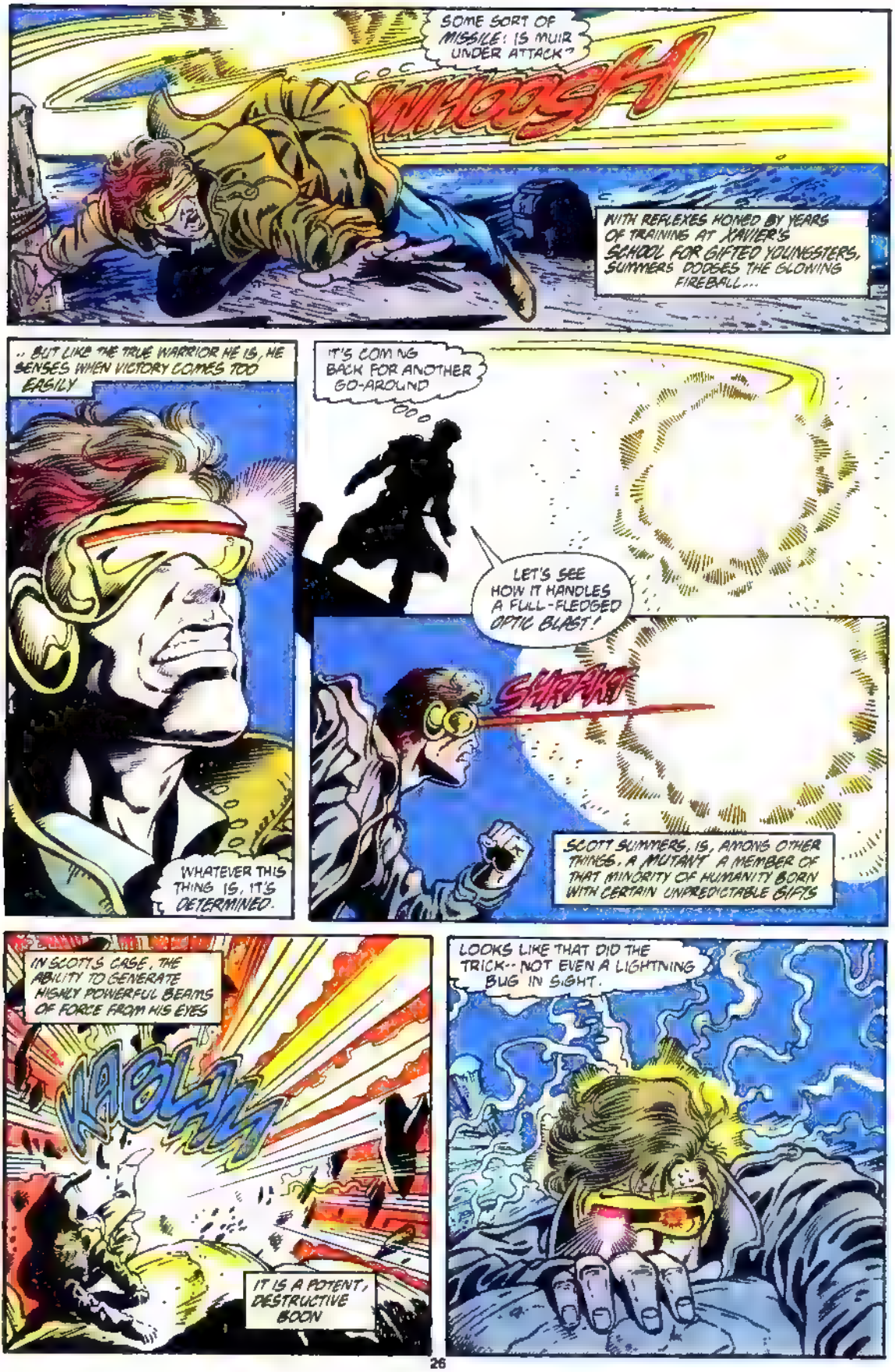
SOMEPLACE ELSE
...WE FOUND OURSELVES SPYING--
PINE HILL CONVALESCENT HOME
-- ON A YOUNG ORDERLY WORKING--
--AN OLD WOMAN DYING
HERS WAS A FACE SCULPTED BY LIFE -- ONE OFFERING COMFORT TO THOSE FACING STRIFE.
But if it's true that "What's reaped is what's sown," Explain to me why She must die alone?
IN THE DOORWAY --
--APPEARED A YOUNG MAN.
HE SAT BY HER BED--
--AND HELD ONTO HER HAND.
Does the old woman know That someone s.i.'s near?
-- PONDERED THE WISE MAN DISCREETLY SHEDDING A TEAR

SO MANY BILLS I HAVE TO PAY! THIS IS NO WAY TO SPEND A HOLIDAY!
RELAX, HUSBAND DEAR, SOMEHOW WE'LL GET THROUGH
WE'VE ALL GOT EACH OTHER
SMILE...
I LOVE YOU
BUT THINK OF THE CHILDREN, THINK HOW THEY'VE BEEN STIFFED--
--WE HAVEN'T THE MONEY FOR A SINGLE GIFT!
IF GRANDFATHER WAS HERE, HE'D THINK ME A FAILURE
KER-RASH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
I DON'T KNOW-- I'M UNSURE
STAY BACK, EVERYONE, 'TILL I TURN ON THE LIGHT!
AND WHAT THEY BEHELD.
WAS A WONDROUS SIGHT!
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, WE HAD NO CHRISTMAS TREE! AND PRESENTS FOR ALL? HOW CAN THIS BE?
MAYBE WE'VE BEEN CHOSEN BY SOME WORTHY CAUSE.
HONEY, YOU DON'T THINK--
--SANTA CLAUS?
OUTSIDE STOOD "GRANDFATHER"--
--A MAN WARMED FROM INSIDE.
THE WISE MAN LAUGHED ALOUD. I WAS FILLED WITH PRIDE.

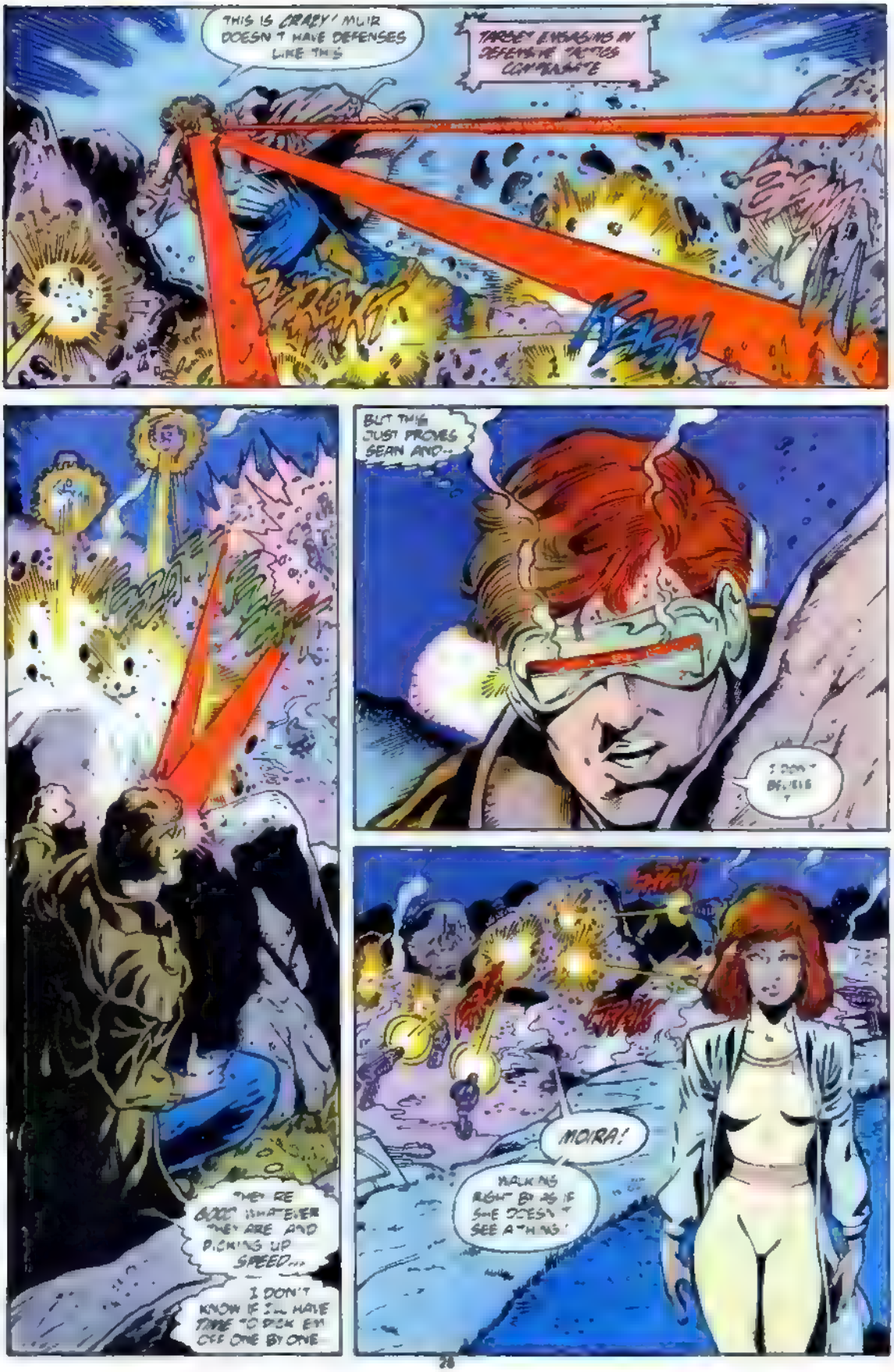

You've made your point, Watcher
No greater gift could I give--
Than to leave Earth where it is,
From humanity to live!
SO WE SHARED OF OUR ESSENCES AS COSMIC BEINGS OFT DO...
AND IN PARTING HE SHOUTED--
Peace be with you!
Then he sped away--
--sped away--
--sped away far,
SETTING HIS BEARINGS BY THE SHINING NORTH STAR
Then off he sped, far from even my sight
.shouting--
Season's Greetings, to all! And to all, a good night!


?
HUNH?
HA HA HA HA
THE END.

MUIR ISLAND--A BLEAK BIT OF ROCK THAT RISES OUT OF THE COLD, DARK NORTH SEA OFF THE COAST OF SCOTLAND
A HARD, DESOLATE PLACE. IT IS NOT FOR THE WEAK, NOR THE PLEASURE-SEEKING
TODAY IT HOUSES ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST SOPHISTICATED GENETIC LABORATORIES, SPECIALIZING IN SEEKING THE ORIGINS OF MUTATIONS
BUT IN AGES PAST, MEN CAME TO ISLANDS LIKE MUIR TO SEEK REVELATION, TO FIND THEIR GODS IN THE BUFFETING WINDS AND THE WHIPPING SALT SPRAY
PERHAPS THAT IS WHY, THEN, THAT SCOTT SUMMERS, KNOWN TO SOME AS THE MAN CALLED CYCLOPS, HAS COME TO THIS PLACE
TO FIND ANSWERS FOR A LIFE UNUSUALLY BESET BY TRAGEDY AND PAIN
PERHAPS THAT IS WHY HE SO QUICKLY RESPONDED TO A TERSELY WORDED PLEA FOR HELP FROM AN OLD FRIEND AND JOURNEYED HERE
PERHAPS, IF WE HAD THE TIME, HE COULD ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS. BUT THIS NIGHT AS HE STEPS ONTO THE ISLE OF MUIR, HE IS GREETED BY A MENACING, GLOWING VISION.
AND SCOTT SUMMER HAS ONLY TIME TO ACT--OR DIE
CYCLOPS
"THE RETRIBUTION AFFAIR!" PART 1
BLINDED BY THE LIGHT


SOME SORT OF MISSILE! IS MUIR UNDER ATTACK?
WHOOSH
WITH REFLEXES HONED BY YEARS OF TRAINING AT XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS, SUMMERS DODGES THE GLOWING FIREBALL...
.. BUT LIKE THE TRUE WARRIOR HE IS, HE SENSES WHEN VICTORY COMES TOO EASILY
WHATEVER THIS THING IS, IT'S DETERMINED.
IT'S COMING BACK FOR ANOTHER GO-AROUND
LET'S SEE HOW IT HANDLES A FULL-FLEDGED OPTIC BLAST!
SHRAKK
SCOTT SUMMERS, IS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A MUTANT A MEMBER OF THAT MINORITY OF HUMANITY BORN WITH CERTAIN UNPREDICTABLE GIFTS
IN SCOTT'S CASE, THE ABILITY TO GENERATE HIGHLY POWERFUL BEAMS OF FORCE FROM HIS EYES
KABLAM
IT IS A POTENT, DESTRUCTIVE BOON
LOOKS LIKE THAT DID THE TRICK-- NOT EVEN A LIGHTNING BUG IN SIGHT.

BUT IT CERTAINLY CAUSED ENOUGH DAMAGE TO SEAN AND MOIRA'S DOCK
AND MY BOAT FOR THAT MATTER
BUT WHAT WAS THAT THING? SEAN'S LETTER HINTED AT TROUBLE...BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS
AND SPEAKING OF THE LORD AND LADY OF MUIR THERE'S NOT ONE LIGHT ON AT THE COMPLEX
BUT SURELY, THEY MUST HAVE HEARD THE EXPLOSION
IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THEM--
EH?
ASTRIDE ALMOST BENEATH THE RAISE OF HEAD IS THE KNEE OF MACHINERY
AND...
TRESPASSER. THIS IS A FORBIDDEN ZONE.
COMMENCE EXTERMINATION
WHAT? WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?


THIS IS CRAZY! MUIR DOESN'T HAVE DEFENSES LIKE THIS
TARGET ENGAGING IN DEFENSIVE TACTICS COMMENCE
KRAKT
KRASH
THEY'RE GOOD WHATEVER THEY ARE AND PICKING UP SPEED...
I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL HAVE TIME TO PICK 'EM OFF ONE BY ONE
BUT THIS JUST PROVES SEAN AND--
I DON'T BELIEVE IT
KRAKT
MOIRA!
WALKING RIGHT BY AS IF SHE DOESN'T SEE A THING!

MOIRA! IT'S ME--SCOTT SUMMERS!
NO GOOD! SHE WON'T--OR CAN'T--RESPOND
WHICH MEANS--
KABLAM
SHRAK
--I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU GUYS!
I'D HOPED TO CAUSE ONLY MINIMUM DAMAGE SO WE COULD CHECK THESE THINGS OUT LATER. MAYBE FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE FROM... BUT THE TIME FOR FINESSE IS DEFINETLY OVER.

WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT FOR A MICROSCOPE TO EXAMINE BUT CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW.
MOIRA, FOR PITY'S SAKE, LET ME TALK TO YOU!
A SONIC BLAST...
EATING THROUGH MY HEAD
STOP IT... MOIRA...
CAN'T STAND IT...
CAN'T GIVE IN...
CAN'T--
MUIR ISLAND IS A QUIET PLACE AT TIMES IT IS SO NOW

THE FIRST THING HE HEARS IS THE SOUND OF THE SURF ON THE ROCKS.
NEXT, HE SEES THE DIM LIGHT THAT HINTS AT THE COMING DAWN.
HE KNOWS HE'S BEEN OUT FOR HOURS.
FEEL WOOZY. WHOEVER SOCKED ME LAST NIGHT DIDN'T WANT ME TO GET TO MOIRA.
BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE NOW. IT FEELS AS IF THEY'VE LEFT... WHOEVER THEY ARE.
BUT IF THEY'VE HURT SEAN AND MOIRA--!
BAM BAM BAM
SEAN! MOIRA! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
SCOTT, LAD, THE DEAD CAN HEAR YOU!
BUT WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN ARE YE DOIN' HERE, LAD?
I... INVITED HIM FOR A WEE STAY, MOIRA, M'LOVE.
MOIRA, DON'T YOU REMEMBER? LAST NIGHT... I WAS ATTACKED BY A COMPUTERIZED FIRING SQUAD... YOU WERE THERE.
I CRIED OUT FOR HELP...
SCOTT, LAD, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? SEAN AND I SLEPT THROUGH THE NIGHT. I NEVER LEFT ME BED.
BUT THE EXPLOSION THAT DESTROYED THE DOCKS. SURELY YOU HEARD THAT, SEAN?
THE DOCKS NOW, IS IT?

"LET'S CHECK THAT OUT NOW, SHALL WE?"
THEY REPAIRED IT... WHEN THEY KNOCKED ME OUT. THEY WANT TO COVER THEIR TRACKS.
SCOTT, ARE YE SURE YE DIDN'T STOP AT THE PUB BEFORE YOU CAME ACROSS.
NOT FUNNY, MOIRA. I'VE HAD MY SHARE OF HALLUCINATIONS IN THE PAST, AS YOU WELL KNOW.
BUT LAST NIGHT WAS REAL. SOMETHING'S GOING ON HERE. THERE WAS A PRESENCE HERE LAST NIGHT... MALEVOLENT, DANGEROUS. I MAY NOT BE A TELEPATH, BUT I FELT IT.
AND IT FRIGHTENS ME.
COME NOW, SCOTT. MOIRA MEANT NOTHING BY HER REMARK.
OF COURSE NOT. I'M SORRY, SCOTT, BUT ALL THIS TALK OF LASERS AND EXPLOSIONS... IT IS UNSETTLING.
WHY DON'T YOU AND SEAN GO BACK TO THE HOUSE. WE'LL TALK THERE.
AND YOU, LOVE?
I THINK I'LL WATCH THE SUN RISE, SEAN. IT WILL GIVE ME TIME TO THINK.
IF SCOTT'S RIGHT, WE'LL NEED ALL OUR WITS ABOUT US.
MOIRA MACTAGGERT IS MISTRESS OF MUIR ISLAND. SHE KNOWS THE HISTORY OF HER LAND AND IS PROUD OF IT.
SHE KNOWS OF THOSE HOLY MEN WHO CAME HERE IN ANCIENT DAYS TO DISCOVER THE GLORIES OF GOD IN THE BARREN PLACES OF THE EARTH.
BUT AS SHE STANDS ON THE WESTERN SHORE OF HER ISLAND IN THE NORTH SEA...
...MOIRA MACTAGGERT COMMUNES WITH SOMETHING FAR, FAR DIFFERENT THAN PROVIDENCE.
AND IT MAY BE HER RUIN
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

MARVEL® READERS PRESENT

Dear Terry,

After reading 5 issues of MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS, I decided that it was time to write you and say what I thought. I think you and everybody involved are doing a terrific job on the book. This is one of the few books that I truly look forward to buying every two weeks.

First of all, I must say that the Wolverine section of the comic is my favorite. I always enjoy Chris Claremont's writing and this is no exception. I really enjoy any and all X-Material that he writes. Actually, I like all of the X-characters a lot as well, so this is a must for me. Add to this the spectacular team of John Buscema and Klaus Janson, and you have a winner on your hands. If you plan on keeping an X-Man as a lead feature in this book, plan on keeping this reader very happy!

"Elements of Terror" is an interesting story too. I must confess that I wasn't too thrilled with this story in the first few issues. Even though I really liked the Tom Sutton art, I was really confused by the story, and since I was never really a fan of the Man-Thing, I figured I'd stop reading this if it didn't pick up. Well, now I'm really engrossed in the story. Colonel Choate and Marea are really interesting characters, and I can't wait to see what happens next. After this, I might even consider buying a MAN-THING comic if it hits the stands again (But probably only if it's still done by Steve Gerber and Tom Sutton!).

The Master of Kung Fu stuff is okay, but I don't like it nearly as much as the other stories. To tell you the truth, these fish metaphors are really getting to me at this point...

All in all, I like the book a lot, and all of my criticisms are minor. The format of three continuing sagas, and one rotating story is a good one, and I look forward to future issues! Later...

Hal Meltzer
23-45 231St.
Bellerose, NY 11351

Thanks for your comments, Hal. We're glad you like X-Men, because you're gonna see a lot of them in the upcoming months. You already know about Colossus, but you will also see Havok, Cyclops, and many other X-Men in upcoming issues. We're also open to suggestions, so write us again and tell us who *you'd* like to see.

Dear Terry and Michael,

Through its first seven issues, MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS has proven to be an above-average comic series. The three continuing features have been the strong suit, as the "back-up" features have all been pretty light weight stuff, particularly the four Al Milgrom stories, those were especially weird to me. The best of the single-issue stories so far have been Daredevil from #5 and the Hulk from #6 (yes, even *I* liked that story); this issue's Sub-Mariner tale was a disappointment. Although Steve Ditko's artwork was good, it still lacked a certain something that usually brings his stuff to life. How about a future story involving Doc Samson or the Black Widow?

The Wolverine feature has been the best of the continuing storylines I believe, but I'm a sucker for Wolverine (especially when he's independent of the other X-Men) so I would think that. The only real complaint I have is that we seem to get a recap of Wolvie's mutant abilities and adamantium-laced bones with every issue. It's good for the new reader, but for the rest of us it gets a little tiresome. Also, I think the art might be a bit better if Buscema had been able to ink himself. This isn't to take anything away from Klaus Janson, he's a fine artist and inker in his own right (witness ST. GEORGE), but Buscema's pencils are so overpowering (meaning heavy and well-defined) that anyone who tries to ink his work is only going to lose his inks in John's pencils anyway. Each inker adds his own little nuances, but they're never able to blend ink and pencil to form a cohesive unit. The only person to have come close is Pablo Marcos.

I'm glad to see Steve Gerber back writing the character he was born to do. The story's plot is obviously borrowed from yesterday's headlines, but there is nothing wrong with that as long as it works, and it certainly is working well with the Man-Thing. I can see some effort here to recast the Man-Thing into a mold more like the one made by Alan Moore's SWAMP THING, but again, there isn't any crime in that. Man-Thing should be updated somewhat; his last series was cancelled nearly eight years ago, and he has rarely appeared anywhere since that time so there are a lot of people getting their first look at the character here in the pages of MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS. Artwise, Tom Sutton is well suited for this type of character, but if there are any future Man-Thing tales I'd like to see Mike Ploog or Gray Morrow try their hands at the character again. John Byrne's rendition in the cosmic cube storyline in MARVEL TEAM-UP from several years ago was excellent also, although his style has altered so much since then that I'm not sure it would be wise to have him draw the Man-Thing again.

I'm enjoying the Master of Kung Fu story also, although it's very odd seeing Tom Grindberg's name in the art credits rather than Gene Day's. After Gene's death, I stopped buying MASTER OF KUNG FU, as Doug was leaving the series also and I could see nothing good coming from the creative team that was about to take over the title. Others apparently felt that way too because it was only a few months later that the series was cancelled.

All that is old news though, and the main question now is what happens to Shang after his run in MCP concludes next issue. I'd like to see him featured in a mini-series if his appearance here has drawn enough support, and a new ongoing series after that would be nice, provided he isn't to be a regular in these pages. I do have to express my disappointment for the way Leiko has been treated thus far however. I could see little reason to have her hand cut off, even though you do have a means of "justifying" it; the whole thing seemed like cheap sensationalism and that's not something I'm used to getting in a Doug Moench story. As for the report of Leiko's death at the end of issue #7's story, I'm inclined to believe that Argus is either lying to throw Shang off-balance, or he actually thinks she is dead (by the hand of a henchman possibly) but she managed an escape that he isn't aware of. If Doug has gone completely crazy and killed Leiko, then he should be tortured for the remainder of his days by being forced to listen to Grateful Dead albums.

I'd also like to see the Black Panther get a seven or eight issue run in MCP; the mini-series is good and has done much to alter the character. I would really look forward to that series.

It looks to me like MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS should have a long and successful run of issues, provided things aren't allowed to grow stagnant. One way of avoiding this is to introduce new characters from time to time. You also have to make sure that the characters you feature are the characters the readers want to see, and that the writing and artwork are of the highest possible quality. Do this, and you should be around for a long while.

Stan Johnson
PO Box 842
Yazoo City, MS 39194

We completely agree with your last comment, Stan. That's why we really appreciate getting letters from our readers. That is our only way to see which characters are wanted, and which writers and artists are liked or disliked. How else are we going to know if there are a bunch of closet Le Peregrine, Shamrock, or Sabra fans out there who really want to see a story with these characters. Your letters *can* make a difference!

Also, on a different subject, as you now know, we have a Black Panther series running. We hope you like the team we put together of Don McGregor, Gene Colan, and Tom Palmer. And Stan, since you were going to be happy with a mere eight issue series, how about twenty-five!?! It looks to us like your cup runneth over! So keep writing, we need to hear what you think!

BLACK PANTHER
VS. THE SOUTH AFRICAN SECURITY FORCES!
WHO WATCHES THE WATCHER™?
Merry X'mas
BUCKLER/McLEOD